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The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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A ROMANZA.

The Parson was coming to tea, with his wife and his sweet daughter
Annie—

Coming to tea at the Deacon's, the wealthiest man of the village,
Whose only son, John, had earnestly begged of his father this favor,
For Annie would leave them to-morrow to finish her study of music.

Order within the old farm-house, the parlor the picture of neatness,
Where the Deacon and "Mother" and John were waiting with varied emo-
tions,

The hour of four and the click of the gate announcing their coming.
John, you must know, though a great, strapping youth, the pride of the
village,

Grew exceedingly red whenever you chanced to mention Miss Annie.
He feared lest his courage should fail him and what he would say before
parting

Go unsaid. At length they were come, and when the greetings were over,
In common they talked for a while of the weather, the crops, and the vil-
lage,

The school teacher new to the place, and last, of Annie's departure.
"Mother" arose from her chair when the clock struck six in the kitchen,
And, excusing herself, went out to finish preparing the supper.

This done, again she appeared in the door-way, her face with real pleasure
all shining,

To invite them "to step out to tea, for the biscuits are hot and all ready."

The bountiful supper was over, but they lingered and sat in the twilight.
For Annie, her sweet face aglow and her voice richer grown with excite-
ment,

Was telling, with girlish delight, all her plans and her hopes for the future—

How she would come twice a year to see the dear home and the loved ones,

"And I'll not forget you," she said, "nor this quiet last evening of pleasure!"

They moved to the parlor again, where the light betrayed a new "something"

In John's sturdy face that seemed to have manlier grown in an hour.

With simple and natural ease Annie seated herself at the organ
And sang for her father and mother the songs they themselves had first taught her.

Stilling the sweet, bird-like notes, she poured out her soul with her fingers
And ruled at her own sweet will, her hearers sitting in silence.

But while she played she was thinking and John was her subject of thought.
She knew what he'd say when they parted, but whether to let him—the question.

She thought when she first touched the keys, with some strong, stirring chords as a prelude,

That her mind was made up. A "No," very firm, for the present her answer.

But still, as she played, she was pondering. Her fingers moved slow and unsteady.

"Why should it not be a 'yes'?" To be sure he was not a musician—
But then, what was music alone?" So from doubt into deep hesitation.
Wand'ring and straying in mind, still she held the others her listeners.

From marches to waltzes she slipped, and from waltzes to songs and sonatas.

Into a medley she strayed, which seemed like the chaos within her.

In a moment or two she'd decided, and John in the corner was happy.

Well did he interpret her music. He'd followed her thoughts as she'd played them.

His bashfulness fled in an instant when she broke into sweet "Annie Laurie."

That was his favorite—she knew it—he felt that 'twas settled forever,
And scarcely he needed her smile, when she rose from her place at the organ,

To tell him her answer'd be "yes," did he choose to put her the question.

The farewells were said and they'd started, but four of them walked in the moonlight.

John always has said: "'Twas the organ that did it."

—J. B., 1902.

THE STUDY OF THE ANCIENT CLASSICS NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

THE idea has been so long current among the majority of the educators and thinkers of the world, that in order to have a liberal education a man must necessarily acquire a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, that to depart from this time-honored tradition seems almost sacrilegious. But notwithstanding the remarkable associations of the past, the belief has been and is steadily growing in recent years, among the foremost thinkers in our age of progress, that far too much time is devoted in the curriculum of the greater number of our schools and colleges, to the study of the Latin and Greek classics, while a correspondingly scant portion of time is devoted to the study of modern languages and the natural sciences. In a word, we are beginning to realize the absurdity of calling the man liberally educated who has a knowledge of the ancient classics, and at the same time refusing to accord the man who has a thorough acquaintance with the modern languages or the natural sciences the same enviable distinction.

The question arises in many minds as to just what we mean by a liberal education. The old definition that "A liberal education consists not in an accumulation of facts, but in the development of the mental faculties," while true in some respects, yet in other points is not at all practical. We admit that the mental drill and discipline which one receives from a careful study of Latin and Greek is invaluable, but we question whether it is not possible to obtain this mental development and training nearly if not quite as well in some other line of study, and yet acquire at the same time a knowledge of the subjects studied which will be of some practical use and advantage. President Eliot of Harvard expressed the modern sentiment in regard to education when he said, "I may avow, as the result of my reading and observation in the matter of education, that I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman—namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue." Furthermore, the same eminent authority said, "The fruit of a liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge, but power."

One of the strongest arguments that can be brought up against the study of Latin and Greek, is the fact that so small a percentage of students studying these languages obtain any desirable knowledge of them. There is probably not one student

in ten who can read even the Latin and Greek authors whom he has studied with any degree of pleasure or proficiency. He must be continually referring to his lexicon for meanings of words and to his grammar for obscure construction. It is questionable whether a student has any real knowledge of a language which he cannot read, and in order to read a language intelligently, he must be able to follow the thought of the author rather than to be hindered by difficult forms of syntax. Aside from the fact that the average student obtains no knowledge of Latin and Greek classics which is actually desirable, inasmuch as he cannot read them with facility, there remains the additional fact that these languages are dead, and have not been spoken for centuries. We admit that some of the undesirable results arising from the study of Latin and Greek are due to imperfect methods of teaching. John Milton wrote, "We do amiss to spend seven or eight years in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be otherwise learned easily and delightfully in one year." Be that as it may, these same imperfect methods of teaching have prevailed for centuries, and in our own age, when there is so marked improvement in methods of teaching in all other branches of study, there has been no advance in the methods of teaching Latin and Greek, as far as we can judge by the results.

Then why should we devote so much time to the unprofitable study of the ancient languages? A favorite argument often brought up by the classicists for the study of Latin and Greek is, that since our own language is derived largely from these two tongues, in the study of these we may obtain a better knowledge of our own language. This argument has no weight when we consider that those students who spend so much time in the study of Latin and Greek have no greater knowledge of the English language for practical purposes, than do those who have never studied the ancient languages. And if we are to study Latin and Greek for this purpose, would it not also be as necessary to study the Anglo-Saxon, from which a large portion of our speech is derived? The question arises here as to whether a scientific knowledge of a language is necessary for it to be used with ease and facility. A prominent magazine writer says, "A scientific knowledge of our mother tongue is no more essential to the accurate and refined use of it, than a knowledge of anatomy is essential to the graceful and effective use of our limbs." Shakespeare, the greatest master of expression that the world ever knew, never studied Latin and Greek, nor did he have any scien-

tific knowledge of his own tongue. The very example of the ancient classic authors themselves goes to prove that the study of a foreign language is not essential to a thorough knowledge of one's own tongue. Why is it that we have such masterpieces in the Greek language as those of Demosthenes and Plato, and in the Latin as those of Cicero and Virgil? The reason is that they studied their own language first of all, and acquired such a knowledge of it that they could use it with facility. The idea of training upon a foreign language has grown up entirely in modern times. If our native language, as an instrument of expression, is to be perfected, it must be studied with undivided attention; and the time and labor which we spend in acquiring a foreign tongue must inevitably be at the expense of a perfected English. But if we are to spend time in studying a foreign language, let us devote our attention to the study of such languages as French, German, and Italian—languages which are living, and the classic production of which are nearly equal to those of the ancient languages.

But in strong opposition to the study of any language, ancient or modern, besides our own, there has sprung up in our own age, a desire for the study of the natural sciences, which have become the chief factors of modern civilization, and have given rise to new professions which are every year opening new occupations to our educated men. The fact is beginning to be more fully realized that in the study of the natural sciences we may receive as much of the so-called training and discipline, as in the study of the ancient classics, but at the same time we will obtain a knowledge of the subjects studied which will be of some practical use to us. The professions of chemist, engineer, and electrician are just as truly learned as the older profession. Perhaps it is not the aim of scientific men to educate others to express thought in beautiful language, but it is their object to prepare men to unravel the mysteries of the universe and to develop the resources of the earth. The scientist, through his study of the sciences, receives a mental development which he can obtain in no other way. He comes into close touch with nature, and studies her various phenomena. Scientific study and research has given us many of the blessings of our present age,—the telegraph, the telephone, the electric railroad, improved machinery. The age of science has but just begun. With our well-equipped scientific schools, with the increasing desire to abandon the old method of classical culture for the new method of practical science, what is there that the future cannot accomplish? Can we, in the light of

nineteenth century progress, say that they who devote their time and energy to the study of science, to the study of nature, and through the study of nature to a more perfect conception of nature's God, have not the right to be called liberally educated, as well as those who devote their time to the study of the ancient classics?

—BERTRAM E. PACKARD, 1900.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

Far in a distant country
With sentinel mountains high,
Beside a lake in a secluded valley
The ruins of a chapel lie.

Hushed is the breath of evening,
For twilight hovering near
Is casting its silence and shadows
On lake and ruins so drear.

An ivy—that steadfast friend—
Which clings lovingly whate'er befalls,
Has wreathed with dainty beauty
Broken pillars and ruined walls.

It twines around the altar
And even climbs the stair,
And hanging from the shattered casements,
Waves gently in the air.

Now beckoning, then retreating,
As if inviting me within
To view the hand of time
In corners old and dim.

And as I sit on yon stone seat
A shaft of moonlight falls,
Slanting within the ivied ruins,
And faintly lighting the walls.

But as it glides to the organ loft
It lingers with loving care,
And crowns with a halo of old-time beauty
An organ standing there.

"Oh, grand old relic of the past,
On what scenes have you looked down,
Are they of joy, sorrow, peace, despair,
Humility and renown?

"Speak, and with your ivory keys
Break this silence drear,
Unfold the history of the people
Who were wont to assemble here."

As if in answer to my thought,
The veil of silence was lifted,
Was it only by the rustling of the wind,
Which through the ivy drifted?

Or was it the coaxing, sleepy twitter
Of wee birds in yonder nest,
As they softly cuddled nearer
To the mother's downy breast?

But, no, those tones which come gently stealing,
Now laugh and babble in play,
And recall the prattling, innocent children,
Blithe and fair as the flowers of May.

And see how through the ivied arches
These little ones smilingly greet,
Then, with half-reverential faces,
Patter down to the long front seat.

The music now is blithe and tender,
For through the arches trip
Pure and gentle maidens
Who demurely into their places slip.

Behind them, with manly vigor,
The brave young laddies go,
Their hearts are free and as yet untouched
With life's great sorrow and woe.

But hark, now sounds a minor chord,
Earth's sorrows have filled with grief,
The widow and the fatherless,
Who pray to God for relief.

Yet mingled with the mournful strain
Is the promise deep and grand,
Death intervenes only for a time,
They shall meet in the better land.

Again the organ notes are sounding,
But glad and joyous now,
For a girlish figure at the altar
Is kneeling to take her vow.

And the music tender and holy
Reveals the brave groom's heart,
How he will guard her, with love and reverence,
Until death doth them part.

And to the humble penitent,
Who has stumbled in the struggle of life,
The solemn music is full of hope
And rest from every strife.

THE BATES STUDENT.

Then full of tenderness and boundless peace
 The melody old age is greeting,
 As he comes with halting step,
 For him the time is fleeting.

But on that furrowed brow
 Holy peace has supplanted strife,
 As the music speaks of Heaven,
 And ends the psalm of life.

Thus on the organ played
 In sorrow, joy, and despair,
 Revealing the hearts of the worshipers
 Who oft assembled in prayer.

Till in a final burst of glory
 It mounted to the throne above,
 And showed in all its beauty,
 God's infinite mercy and love.

And as the music ceased,
 The wind, rising again,
 Echoed from arch to arch
 The sounds of a soft Amen.

The sea of faces faded
 Quietly again into their past,
 Until the day of judgment
 Shall summon with the trumpet's blast.

And the shadows creeping, climbing,
 With the ivy which clambers o'er,
 Enfold in gloom the organ,
 Silent now forevermore.

—P. M. SMALL, 1900.

IN THE PASTURE.

T IRED by the steady strain of the uphill road, with a bicycler's desire to explore the unknown, I accepted the invitation which the cool, level lane leading to the right offered, and soon my wheel was flying along over the softly crunching pine needles. New England had done credit to herself in adorning this little by-lane. The pines vied with the birches in furnishing shade, and the ferns threw up their fronds to help the moss carpet the roadside. Here a wild rose had been delayed by the thick growth about it, and now in July, her pale pink bloom had caught in her flower all the sunlight that stole in through the pine needles. A little break in the woods offered a foothold for the grape fern, and in the hope of securing a good specimen I scrambled up the bank. As I reached the top, my eyes were dazzled for a moment by a

gleam which came from some object in the distance. The bright sunlight soon revealed the cause of the gleam.

In the pasture, which was dotted here and there with clumps of hazel, and almost entirely covered with blueberry bushes, stood a marble monument. The sweet fern gave out its fragrance as I brushed against it, and brambles and thistles obstructed the path, yet it was but a few minutes' walk to reach the little hollow where the monument stood. About it the blueberry bushes grew, and one blackberry vine, bolder than its companions, had drawn its trailing length around the base, and the half-ripe red berries lifted themselves with a pretty vanity, conscious of the effective background of the white marble. Here was but a simple shaft with the inscription—"In memory of Mary Goodenow, killed by the Indians, 16—."

The band of Puritans leaving Massachusetts had passed the head of the Blackstone River, crossed the shallow Assabet, and, wearied by the difficult march over a country where spring was still in her most disagreeable garb, had rejoiced to leave behind them even the river-like Lake Quinsigamond, though its banks were then showing tokens of a summer's beauty. Of too stern stuff to complain of any hardship, many a tired woman and child in the little band longed to reach the tiny settlement in Connecticut. An unusual quiet had settled upon the party on the first night after passing the lake. Mary Goodenow anxiously watched her father's steps as they grew continually more feeble. The incessant travelling and the necessary privations had worn upon the elderly man in spite of his unflagging spirit, and Mary's anxiety for him, little as she dared express it, overshadowed the feeling of her own discomfort, though the rough travelling tried to the utmost the lame girl's courage.

When the company resumed their march in the morning, Mary and her father were left behind. Utter exhaustion had compelled him to give up. From the door of the hastily-built hut Mary bravely watched them march away. In the lonely days that followed, Nature transformed the woods into a garden. The fragrant buds of the arbutus opened within a stone's throw from the house, and the wood anemone hung out its bells for the wind to play upon. The surrounding forest was filled with the cheerful sounds of spring, which banished the terror of solitude. The lonely girl loved the shy companionship of the scuttling rabbit and the social red squirrel.

Before their little supply of provisions was exhausted, and the promised help had not arrived from their friends, other settlers came from the East, and the little community was established. The surly demeanor which had first existed among the Indians changed to an offensive manner, and for protection to their scattered homes, the settlers had built on the little rise from the pond, the block-house enclosed by a stockade. As the fear increased, the inhabitants of the more distant districts left their homes and sought shelter in the fort. The blasts of the horn gave frequent alarms, and the danger increased until the boldest sadly relinquished their little homes and sought protection in the strength of union.

The monotonous life and lack of employment wore upon the crowded occupants of the fort, and all opportunities for leaving the building were gladly seized. Among the last settlers the Robinsons had come. Sarah Robinson and Mary had had their friendship strengthened by the seriousness of the times. Mary had once risked her life for Sarah when, at the building of Todd's cabin, a heavy timber would have fallen upon her and crushed her, had not Mary fearlessly jumped forward to push her friend aside. Sarah escaped unhurt, but Mary's broken hip had healed to leave her lame for life.

Soon after the arrival of the last settler the Indians disappeared, and as the days passed and the summer months came on, the settlers ventured out more confidently from their stockade to care for the little farm, the only hope against a winter's starvation. The women cautiously wandered out to replenish their store of herbs, and to hunt out the wild strawberries which nestled under the leaves on the sunny hill-sides. July heat rendered the discomforts of the stockade intolerable. The pitch slowly oozed from the sides of the building, and the sun beat upon it until the resinous odor was nearly suffocating. With their heads well protected from the direct rays of the sun by the sober sunbonnets, Mary and Sarah, in company with other women and girls, hastened out of the stockade to fill their twig baskets with the great, luscious blueberries which grew plentifully in the clearings of the forest. Nimbly filling their baskets, the girls ran good-natured races in picking and talked sociably of the little matters of the settlement, confident that no harm threatened them.

The quick blast of the horn brought them all to their feet, and each staring into the whitened face and half refusing to believe her ears, the girls stood spell-bound. Mary's quick wit immedi-

ately comprehended the situation. "We must run for it," she gasped, and seizing Sarah's hand, set the example of courage to the terrified women by limping as fast as her crippled limb would permit toward the house. Above the blast of the horn came the shouts of the men from the fort, bidding them hurry, and the derisive yells of the Indians in reply as they rushed from the other side of the wood to intercept the terror-stricken company ere they could reach the protection of the shots from the fort. The door was held open, and the women put forth every effort to reach it.

In spite of her brave words and assurances to Sarah, Mary's own fright increased at every step. The earth swam beneath her, each bush and tree she passed seemed hurrying to overtake her, and then each object grew fearfully distinct. She felt compelled to stop to pick the yellow cinquefoil uprooted by the hurrying feet and count its scattered petals. The weight of her basket increased till it seemed like lead, but her hands clung to it as if it were a magnet. The fragrance of the berries grew sickening, yet she could not throw them away. She stumbled against the prickly bed of the juniper, unconscious of the blood streaming from the injuries it made.

It did not take long for the other women to out-distance her. For a time Sarah clung to her hand and attempted to drag Mary after her. But the quick approach of the hideously painted Indians, the knowledge of the terrible death surely awaiting her on capture, proved too strong for the love she bore her friend. Better one than two she thought, and the struggle completed, she dropped Mary's hand and ran, sobbing, to the block-house. Mary was still only a few steps from safety.

From a loop-hole of the fort, her old father had anxiously watched her flight. Now with a groan he hid his face in his hands. Yet even with his head bowed and his hands pressed convulsively over his eyes to shut out the terrible sight, across his vision flashed the deadly gleam of the tomahawk.

—Q., 1900.

Daily papers are issued by Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell, Brown, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and Leland Stanford.—*Ex.*



MY CLIMB UP MOUNT BLUE.

It was a beautiful day in early August. The disagreeable rain of the day before had cleared away before a brisk, cool breeze, and all Nature seemed to have put on its brightest look. The Sandy River, winding in and out through the valley; the springs trickling down from the steep hill-side; the trees, the birds, too, seemed to be vieing with each other in their efforts to praise their Maker.

That morning our party had driven from Strong to Phillips, making a short stay there; turned about and retraced their road for some distance, then taken the steep, hard road for Avon. Then began our first experience in mountain-climbing.

For one who has never climbed anything steeper than Mt. David or Ash Street hill, the climb of even the foothills of "Old Blue" is almost as hard on the muscles as is the preparation of a prize debate on the brain of a Sophomore. We were early initiated into the art of climbing, by laboring and puffing our way up the longer and harder of the hills, while the horses pulled up the rest of the load. Such was our introduction to later experiences.

At a most convenient (?) place, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, we were delayed an hour and a half with a hot box. However, "accidents will happen," and we determined to make the best of our situation,—cooled the box, took a snapshot of our novel position, and started onward and upward.

Half-past one found us at the last house on the road, with very little prospect of climbing the mountain that day, but if not then probably never. To add to our encouragement we were informed of the fact that we need not think of climbing the mountain and coming down again in less than five hours.

Although somewhat disheartened by our outlook, we fortified ourselves with a good Strong luncheon, and then prepared for the next event.

Securing a guide, we meandered about at the foot of the mountain, pushing our way through thickets of young trees, climbing over stone walls, jumping wooden fences, stepping into holes, and doing every other conceivable thing. Soon we reached the banks of a little mountain-brook, rushing and tumbling from rock to rock as it hurried downward.

But I must not stop to speak of the brook, nor of the ruins where had once been held the well-known Abbott school,—ruins which were of especial interest to us; rather must we hasten and climb the mountain, for it is already nearing mid-afternoon.

With a look of incredulity our guide led the way; next came the head of the party, followed by two High School students; last, but not least, your Bates enthusiast lined up the rear—the party thus formed, consisting of three men and two girls.

One who has never climbed a mountain up which, for the greater part of the way, there is no trace of a path, cannot imagine our ascent. A look upward showed us rock on rock, seemingly piled, one straight above the other; a look downward made us catch our breath,—and whatever bush might be handy.

Thus we reached the half-way spring, where we spent the next few minutes; then filling our water can, and taking a good deep breath of mountain air, we prepared for the last and hardest half.

This we overcame very much as we did the first half,—climbing on our hands and knees, over trees and under trees; stopping now and then to catch a breath, and to wonder how many more hard “nips” we must “make” before we reached the summit. However, all things have their end; and so, reeking with sweat, after a climb of an hour and fifty minutes, we reached the top ledge. Before daring to venture from the protection of the trees out into the stiff, cold breeze, we cut fir branches to put about us and protect ourselves from the cold.

The view from the summit cannot be described—it must be seen! Standing there, over half a mile above the hillocks far below us, we realized as never before how insignificant we were in comparison with these wondrous works of our Creator. On all sides were the little knoll-like hills rising from the deep green forests surrounding them. Here and there, away in the distance, we could see a silvery thread marking the course of some

river or brook. Farther away were little cupfuls of water, where yesterday we had seen beautiful lakes.

Our stay on the mountain top was short. The sun was nearing his setting, and our way down the mountain promised to be nearly as difficult as that going up. With a last look at the grand scene we were leaving, and with a fond hope that we might sometime again stand in the same place, we started downward. Our descent was uneventful, and we reached the foot of the mountain a little after sunset. Our return to Strong that evening was a moonlight ride of some anxiety, but we finally reached the hospitable shelter of the Porter House, tired but happy.

—G. B. L., 1901.

THE CHARM OF BLUE PRINTS.

She had made up her mind not to like him, no matter if he was Maud Maxwell's brother. Maud was a lovely girl—oh, yes, of course—but just because her brother went to Stoneham College and could sing tenor and play foot-ball there was no need of worshipping him.

Well, when a woman makes up her mind, you know what is going to happen—sometimes. They had met only that morning, and really Miss Randall had been rather cool, but Ned didn't mind that. (He was a Sophomore.)

When she was telling Maud about the basket-ball game her team had won from the Juniors, he had a long story to tell about the foot-ball game his team won from a rival college; the jolly spread the girls had in the dormitory last spring dwindled into insignificance beside the account of the hazing his class gave the Freshmen.

College spirit was rising higher and higher; Miss Randall was picking nervously at her mandolin, and Miss Maxwell thought the subject ought to be changed. "Ned brought home some fine blue prints; you might have some for your fan." Surely, now the ice was broken; Miss Randall looked up delighted, her lips parted eagerly, and then—"My fan is quite full, thank you."

But her younger brother had no fault to find with Ned Maxwell. "When you've just got a new camera an' a feller's goin' to show you how to take pictures, of course you like him," he explained to her. So Ned showed him how to take pictures and, with a purpose in view, gave him some blue prints, too.

Three days later the young brother printed his first pictures. With all the eagerness of a young enthusiast he ran over to show them to Ned. "Course they hain't so good as them you gave me. Sis gave me fifteen cents for that one of you in your foot-ball suit. It looks fine on her fan."

And Miss Randall, concealed in the doorway, blushed—for her brother.

—'OI.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

ON Friday evening, February 23d, the Cumberland Association of Bates Alumnæ and Alumni held its second annual banquet, at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Me. To this banquet the Cumberland Association had invited all alumnæ and alumni living in Maine, for the purpose of taking some action toward forming a State association. These invitations were received with a great deal of pleasure by the Maine graduates; and that they appreciated the worthy efforts and generosity of the Cumberland Association was proved by the goodly number, about sixty, who were able to be present.

Bates reckons among her graduates many of the most prominent men of the State, in the various walks of life; and this assembly of alumnæ and alumni showed that material was not lacking for the forming of a strong and permanent State association.

In the absence of President C. S. Cook, '81, Vice-President J. C. Perkins, '82, presided. With very appropriate remarks of introduction, Rev. Mr. Perkins called upon the following speakers: President George C. Chase, who spoke very eloquently and interestingly of "Bates' Past, Present, and Future;" Professor J. Y. Stanton, whose remarks, although brief, were "to the point," and heartily applauded; Thomas B. Smith, M.D., '72, who responded to the toast "The Alumni Association of Cumberland County;" Mr. Scott Wilson, '92, who spoke upon the subject "Greater Portland;" Miss Dora Jordan, '90, who replied to the toast "Bates Alumnæ;" Hon. W. H. Judkins, '80, who treated the subject "The Twentieth Century;" Hon. A. M. Spear, '75, the last speaker, who brought before the assembly the question of forming a State association. Mr. Spear spoke strongly in favor of forming such an association; and it is safe to say that his views were sanctioned by all present. At his suggestion a committee was appointed, which will report at next Commencement. Many beautiful tributes were paid Professor Stanton by the different speakers; perhaps the most heartily applauded was that of Mr. Spear when he recommended that the name of the Maine association be "The Stanton Association," in honor of our beloved professor.

The Cumberland Association held a business meeting just previous to the banquet, and elected officers for the coming year as follows: President, Hon. C. S. Cook, '81; Vice-President, Rev.

J. C. Perkins, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, Scott Wilson, '92; Executive Committee, C. S. Cook, '81; J. C. Perkins, '82; Scott Wilson, '92; L. M. Webb, '78; T. B. Smith, '74; R. A. Parker, '85; Miss Gracia Prescott, '96.

PERSONAL.

'81.—H. P. Folsom is engaged in the pharmacy business at Pittsfield, Me.

'84.—Dr. R. E. Donnell has engaged in practice in Gardiner, Me., with a very encouraging outlook.

'84.—E. H. Emery is chief of the New York City signal station, and has a large number of subordinates on his staff.

'86.—J. W. Goff is professor of English in the South Dakota Normal School.

'87.—Miss L. S. Stevens is at the head of the employment department of the Y. W. C. A. of Boston.

'89.—Dr. E. L. Stevens has just been appointed a member of the State board of examining surgeons for the U. S. Pension Department. His home is at Belfast, Me.

'90.—H. B. Davis is having brilliant success at the head of the department of Physics in Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy.

'93.—D. B. Lothrop has been awarded a prize for scholarship in the Yale Divinity School, where he is a member of the Senior Class.

'93.—R. A. Sturges, Esq., is with Sands & Bowers, 31 Nassau Street, New York. This is one of the largest law firms in New York City.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell, principal of the High School, Bennington, Vt., has just been granted letters patent of the United States for a valuable invention of a carburetor. This device is classed by insurance men as the safest device on the market, and six months' use in four of the New England States, under widely varying conditions, has proved its superiority to acetylene and electricity and at a cost of one-seventh of the latter. Mr. Russell has also been engaged to lecture on Geology and Botany during a two weeks' session of the Vermont State summer school for teachers held at Rutland in July.

'96.—Oliver F. Cutts, now teaching in Harvard College preparatory school, begins the study of law in Harvard Law School next year.

'96.—Luther D. Tibbetts, who is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at East Hebron, was married recently to Miss A. B. Shaw, a teacher in Buckfield, Me.

'96.—Mr. Luther S. Mason is just completing a very successful medical course in the University of Pennsylvania.

'97.—Horatio P. Parker has finished teaching in Stonington, Me., where he has been principal of the High School, to enter the law office of Frye, Carter & White of Lewiston.

'97.—Mr. A. W. Bailey is principal of the Grammar School of Bath, Me.

'97.—Mr. J. A. Marr has passed the examinations for the first two years at the Yale Law School, and is pursuing his studies for the third and last year.

'97.—A. L. Hubbard, Esq., has been admitted to the bar. He fitted for college at Limington Academy, and after graduating from Bates read law for one year with McGillicuddy & Morey, nine months with White & Carter, and eight months with Fred N. Saunders. Mr. Hubbard is a prominent member of the Ariel Club.

'97.—John F. Slattery was admitted to the bar at the last session of court in Auburn. Mr. Slattery took his college preparatory course in the Lewiston High School. He taught one winter in the Columbia (Me.) High School, and afterward read law with Judge J. W. Mitchell of Auburn. He has not yet decided where he will practice.

'97.—W. P. Vining, Esq., has recently been admitted to the bar of Androscoggin County. He graduated from Lewiston High School in the Class of '93, and since his graduation from college has taught with success, being at the present time principal of the Deer Isle High School. He devoted a year to the study of law at the New York Law School, and since then has been reading law in the office of Newell & Skelton. He is undecided where he will practice, although inclined to start in Lewiston.

—*Lewiston Journal*.

'99.—Herbert C. Small is studying in the New Church Theological School in Cambridge, Mass.

'99.—Miss Annie J. Butterfield is teaching at her home in Guilford, Me.

A Freshman knows everything. He has explored the universe and has proved all things. A Sophomore has the wisdom of an owl, but like that sedate bird, keeps still about it. A Junior knows a little, but begins to feel doubtful about it. A Senior knows he knows nothing at all.—*Ex.*

Around the Editors' Table.

A PRACTICE far too common among us here in college is that of putting off our outside work until the last moment, and then in the rush that must always follow, of requesting the Faculty for "time off." It is now, in the closing weeks of the term, when essays, debates, etc., are coming due and all our neglected work is staring us in the face, that we resort to this method as the only remedy for the condition in which we find ourselves. It is surely a prominent characteristic of human nature for one to do nothing until he is obliged to; to put off until to-morrow what it is not absolutely necessary to do to-day. Yet it is this characteristic that must be overcome by every one who ever expects to take any part in this world of action. He must act and act immediately, or step aside and give up his place to another. No "time off" is given there. To us here in college this fact applies as well as to the outside world. Here, then, have we any right to request of others a remedy for the results of our own negligence? Extra time is often necessary, it is true, for good and sufficient reasons, and it is right that we should have it. But is not the plea of neglected opportunity and wasted time shallow and unjustifiable? Is "time off" on these grounds for our own interests or the interests of the college? Let these questions be carefully considered by each one of us and the true remedy will surely present itself. Thus may our own good be advanced and that difference of opinion be avoided, which, often arising on account of our own thoughtlessness, causes between Faculty and students an unpleasantness as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

WE are living to-day in an age of specialties, and the time has come when the "jack at all trades and master of none" cannot easily find employment. This applies not only to trades but to professions as well. If a man would be successful he must know some one thing and know it well. Now the question comes: Should not our small colleges offer a larger number of elective studies, and thus enable the student to direct his efforts along whatever line of work he has in mind as his chosen vocation? We believe that they should, and for this reason the old-time college curriculum which was made up almost wholly of required studies, while it develops the mind in a general way, does

not prepare a man for any one line of work. Of course the college should not take the place of the professional school, neither should less time be given to one's preparation for his life work under the elective system than when the course is made up of required studies. This is, however, a question of wisely directing the efforts of the students toward some definite end. The intellectual development gained from a college course depends more upon the time spent in brain work than upon the particular subject studied. If this be true, is it not much better to give the student the opportunity of making his college work of the greatest practical value to him in his chosen profession by giving him a wide field of electives from which to choose his course? The educators of to-day are coming to see this more and more, and every year the students in our small colleges are allowed greater freedom in the choice of electives. It is with much satisfaction that we notice the increase in the number of electives this year in Bates. We believe that this is a step in the right direction and one that shows that Bates is still progressing. Let us hope, however, that this advancement may be only a beginning, and that even more elective courses may be offered in the near future.

WITH all the interest and enthusiasm which attends an athletic life, there seems to be one feature of it that in the past has been neglected and which needs very much the care and attention of our students, if we expect to hold our proper place in athletics among our sister colleges.

The need of material and place for proper training can no longer be used as a reason for our present condition in "Track Athletics." We have men who only need the training to show themselves competent for the contest. With our athletic field second to none in the State and our remodeled cage for winter work, there can be no excuse for our lack of interest in this very important part of athletic work. Has not the time come when we should take our proper place in track work as we have in other branches of athletics? We owe it to ourselves and to our institution, that we stand in the forefront and put a team in the field that shall do honor to our college. Why may we not hold a second place that shall endanger the first to any other college, and why may we not take the leading place in the State in the near future?

We should place our ideals high, and those ideals shall only be realized by persistent struggle. We can only hope to win when we have put our best into it. Have we done this in the

past, or have we not accepted a second place with somewhat of the spirit of resignation to our fate?

Our present condition is due largely to the fact that we have not paid proper attention to the training of our men. With two or three weeks' training in the summer term we have sent men to compete with those who have been in training during the entire winter. The result has been inevitable; we have not been disappointed, we got about what we expected. That what we need is systematic training for our men, such as those with whom they compete are receiving, is plain to us all, and we hope that those who are interested in the athletics of our college will see that when and only when we have learned to give our men an equal chance, can we expect victory.

Our deepest wish is that in the very near future we may be able to put a team in the field that shall be second to none, because the college has supported it.

On January 23d, the anniversary of Bishop Brooks' death, the Phillips Brooks House was dedicated at Harvard. It is a home for the religious societies of the university. It has been erected on a fund raised by the classmates of Bishop Brooks.—*Ex.*

A maid there was and she made her prayer,
(Even as you and I.)
To a nose-guard, some brawn and a shock of hair—
They called him a slugger who did not care,
But the maid *she* thought him a hero rare,
(Even as you and I.) —*Ex.*

Mt. Holyoke College is the fortunate possessor of a new gymnasium, recently completed and opened to the use of the students. Besides its regular appliances is a stage for theatricals and entertainments.

Local Department.

ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

THE ninth annual Athletic Exhibition held in City Hall, on Thursday evening, March 22d, proved in every respect a success. The hall was well filled with those interested in athletics, who joyfully witnessed the results of a winter's hard work in the gymnasium.

The programme varied by little from that of last year. The class drills were exceptionally good and showed that much time had been devoted to their preparation. The prize was awarded to the Class of 1902. The class relay race was won by 1900, and the interscholastic race by Edward Little High School.

The basket-ball game between Bates and Hebron Academy resulted in a victory for the home team. The game was called about ten o'clock, with twenty-minute halves. Bates had the strongest team, and easily won by a score of 23 to 6.

The fancy club swinging, by Mitchell of Bowdoin Medical School, was one of the features of the evening. Mr. Mitchell, who is one of the best club swingers in the State, used illuminated clubs, which gave a very pleasing effect and was something new to a large portion of the audience.

The following is the programme of the evening:

Selection.	Orchestra.
Club Swinging.	Class of 1903, Ramsdel, leader.
Dumb-Bell Drill.	Class of 1902, Hamlin, leader.
Fancy Club Swinging.	Mitchell.
Horizontal Bar.	Richardson, leader.
Boxing.	Call vs. Hunt; Allen vs. Deane.
Broad-Sword Drill.	Class of 1901, Moulton, leader.
Low Hurdles, won by Stinchfield, 1900; Howe, 1903, 2d.	Time, 4 seconds.
High Hurdles, won by Moody, 1902; Stinchfield, 1900.	Time, 4 seconds.
35-yd. Dash, won by Stinchfield, 1900; Howe, 1901, 2d.	Time, 32-5 sec.
Class Relay Races.	Won by 1900. Time, 132-5 seconds.
Interscholastic Relay Race, won by E. L. H. S.	Time, 132-5 seconds.
Basket-Ball Game.	Bates vs. Hebron Academy.
Score—Bates 27, Hebron 6.	
BATES.	HEBRON.
Richardson, c.	c., Keene.
Stinchfield, l.f.	l.f., Teague.
Summerbell, r.f.	r.f., Meserve.
Willis, l.b.	l.b., Whitman.
Elder, r.b.	r.b., Andrews.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

On Wednesday evening, March 14th, the officers for the next Y. M. C. A. year were elected as follows: President, J. E. Wilson, 1901; Vice-President, J. S. Bragg, 1901; Treasurer, B. C.

Merry, 1902; Corresponding Secretary, G. S. Holman, 1902; Recording Secretary, G. E. Ramsdell, 1903.

The dates have been arranged for the Summer Conferences of 1900 as follows: Pacific Grove, Cal., May 18th to 27th; Lake Geneva, Wis., June 15th to 24th; Asheville, N. C., June 15th to 24th; Northfield, Mass., June 29th to July 8th.

The March number of the *Intercollegian* reports a great spiritual awakening at Cornell University, resulting in more than seventy men accepting Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

The Bible Study Committee has been doing very faithful and efficient work during the year, not only in directing the work of the various classes, but especially in bringing before the student body such men as they have secured in carrying out their policy. The last of these speakers was Dr. Smith Baker of Portland, who addressed the students on Wednesday evening, February 28th. His subject, "How to Come to the Bible," was presented in such a manner as to bring a deeper appreciation for the book, to all who heard him. The association feels that it has been favored in the opportunity of securing such men as Dr. Baker to present the claims of the Bible to our students.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The annual mid-winter social, given by the Y. W. C. A., was held in the Gymnasium, Wednesday evening, February 23d. The entertainment was entirely military in its character, and the following program was finely rendered:

Reading.....	Mr. Griffin.
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Miller.
Reading.....	Miss Tasker.
Medley.....	Girls' Chorus.
Flag Drill.	

Appropriate refreshments were served, followed by military charades. The evening was generally conceded as most enjoyable and successful. The proceeds go toward the Northfield fund.

At a recent meeting of the association encouraging letters were read from the workers at Hebron and Kent's Hill.

The annual business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Monday evening, March 12th.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Miss Dow, 1901; Vice-President, Miss Richmond, 1902; Recording Secretary, Miss Smith, 1903; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Kimball, 1902; Treasurer, Miss Merriman, 1903.

For the past few weeks our association has greatly missed the

careful supervision and efficient planning of our quiet yet consecrated president, Miss Marr. Suddenly called home because of her father's illness, she has been able to help us only by her prayers and kindly thoughts. We were made sad by learning recently of her father's death, and as an association we would express to her our heartfelt sympathy and assure her of our loving prayers that the "availing Christ may speak and fill the pause."

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Stuart, 1901, is teaching at Jay.

Look out for the "German measles."

Staples, 1900, is teaching at Brooks.

Moulton, 1901, has been chosen business manager of the Glee Club.

The Intercollegiate Debate with Colby is arranged to take place at Waterville, on April 27th.

Stackpole of Bowdoin, formerly of Bates, 1900, continues to be seen frequently about the campus.

Marr, 1901, has been elected director of the Glee Club, filling the vacancy caused by Staples' absence.

In Economic Class: Professor—"Mr. M., what is the potato theory?" Mr. M.—"It is the law of food."

Professor Angell addressed the Universalist Sunday-school Sunday, March 11th, on "Christian Citizenship."

The Sophomore Debates, which are in the calendar for March 13th to 23d, have been postponed until the first week of the summer term.

Miss Varney, 1901, is teaching in North Stratford, N. H., having charge of the Grammar School which Miss Noyes, 1901, so successfully taught during the winter.

Manager Moulton is making plans to take the Glee Club off on a trip during the spring vacation. The following towns are included in the schedule: Pittsfield, Dexter, Dover, Augusta, Gardiner, Bowdoinham, and Bangor.

The members of 1900, chosen to take part in the Senior exhibition, are as follows: Miss Tarbox, Miss True, Miss Proctor, Miss Berry, Miss Ludwig, Miss Mitchell, Packard, Wagg, Manner, Coffin, Johnson, and Eldridge.

Miss Carrie Libby, 1901, has returned to her college work after several weeks of teaching at Maine Central Institute, where she has been substituting for Miss Files, '98, during her illness.

Harold E. E. Stevens wishes it understood that he has nothing whatever to do with that party of college students going to the Paris Exposition as indicated on the library door. He has booked with F. C. Clark, New York, through Miss Mary A. Stevens.

With its leading spirit returned to college, the Mandolin-Guitar Club has revived and is working to recover any ground lost in the early part of the term. Mr. Hunnewell hopes to reward his players and honor the college by several out-of-town engagements during this and next term.

The need of the new Library Building which has been in the minds of our students for so long is emphasized by the fact that the "Library Annex" opened last fall is nearly filled and the old problem, "How to make room," is beginning to confront our Librarian again. That our library is growing with such rapidity is a source of delight to all, and may it be in the near future when a new building shall grace our campus, which shall meet all the needs of our library.

On Thursday evening, March 15th, Professor and Mrs. Angell gave their annual reception to the Junior Class, the evening proving to be one of the pleasantest enjoyed by 1901. After some time spent in solving problems appearing on picture, drapery and mantel, a programme was rendered consisting of piano-solos by Mr. Moulton and Mr. Demack; readings by Miss Baily, Miss Vickery, and Miss Tasker; vocal solos by Miss Libbey, Miss Miller, Mr. Roys, and Professor Robinson. Refreshments were served in the dining-room, after which the evening was devoted to games and the singing of college songs. Time passed altogether too quickly for both students and host, and after nine 'rahs for Professor and Mrs. Angell, the class and college yells, the students took their departure, feeling that a new tie held the Professor and his family dear in their memory.

Quite a number of the students have been seeking for information in regard to applications for positions in taking the census. A friend of the college, interested in and anxious to help any of our students in securing work for the summer vacation, communicated with Mr. James A. Place, of South Berwick, Me., Supervisor of Census. His reply has been handed to the STUDENT, a part of which, given below, will make itself clear to all interested:

"My sympathies are with young men seeking an education, and all such shall have my careful attention when I take up the matter of appointments."

"All applicants must be residents of the town or city for which they apply. I want smart, active, energetic men, of good address, quick at figures, and writing a plain, legible hand. Only such can do the census work to the satisfaction of the Department, or profit to themselves."

The Freshman Prize Declamations were given in the college chapel, Saturday afternoon, March 10th, to a large and appreciative audience. The prizes were awarded to Miss Merriman and Mr. Baldwin. The speakers were as follows:

John Brown.....	L. A. Wardwell.
Extract from the Man Without a Country.....	Miss H. Donham.
Justification of the Action of President McKinley..	A. E. Howes.
An Esoteric Pig.....	Miss U. L. Prince.
Valley Forge.....	E. N. Babcock.
Enemies Meet at Death's Door.....	Miss A. E. Felker.
The Maid of Orleans.....	A. K. Baldwin.
A Royal Exile.....	Miss L. L. Freeman.
Speech on Expansion.....	G. E. Ramsdell.
The Werewolf.....	Miss M. L. Bryant.
Our Relations with the Philippines.....	S. A. Lothrop.
The Game of the Year.....	Miss A. L. Merriman.
Speech on Expansion, 1848.....	C. D. Sawyer.
Committee of Award—Rev. W. J. Taylor, Mrs. Rand, Hon. F. M. Drew.	

Saturday, February 24th, was an auspicious day for tennis interest among our New England colleges. Delegates from the following institutions,—Amherst, Brown, Bates, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, M. I. T., Tufts, University of Vermont, and Wesleyan were represented at a meeting called at the Adams House, Boston, for the consideration of the formation of a New England Intercollegiate Tennis Association, which should include all New England colleges desiring entrance. Colby, Trinity, and Williams were represented by proxy. The result of the meeting was the formation of such a league, the drawing up of a constitution and by-laws, and the transaction of other important business. This year the tournament will be held on the grounds of the Longwood Tennis Association, Boston, and will be played off during the week commencing May 13th, each college being allowed a representation of two men in singles and one team of doubles. Though the final word cannot be spoken, since the Athletic Association has not yet acted upon the question, there is really no doubt concerning our entrance into the league. Every branch of athletics, in order to thrive, must furnish an incentive to hard work and persistent training. The Maine league will not be resurrected this spring, and we heartily welcome this larger field for tennis which will much more than replace it.

College Exchanges.

It likes us well;
And, at our more considered time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business. HAMLET.

THE author of "Dorothy's Apology," in *The Pharetra*, has written with the sympathetic touch of one who knows the magnified sorrows of a child's heart. The natural, unaffected style heightens the charm of the story and little, jealous Dorothy appeals to us strongly as she misunderstands her elders and is misunderstood by them. The essay on "Child Life" in the same number is similar to the above in subject matter, but none the less interesting. "The Conocochague in January" seems worthy of quoting the first stanza, at least.

The great gaunt limbs reach out in mute appeal
Above the waters, frozen, silent, dumb,
And beckon to the splash of crimsoned gold
That falls upon the western hills, to come
And lend once more its warmth, its light, its glow
To cheer the sombre of their dull, dead gray,
To clothe their nakedness with life's own hues
And chase the gloom of winter's touch away.

The attractive appearance of the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* does not belie its contents. With satisfaction we review it and feel that only praise is due. There is a happy variety of prose and verse. Of the four college stories, perhaps "For Such is the Nature of Woman" excels in cleverness and spirit. The Sophomore, who plays the chivalrous knight and assists the storm-tossed maid with his landlady's mackintosh and rubbers, poses as the brother of a girl whom he never met but has heard his room-mate speak of. And the rescued maid has roomed for three years with that same girl and knows that she never had a brother.

We have been wondering what it all meant,—"The Emancipation," in *The Syracuse University Herald*. There is rhythm in the language, there are excellent touches of description, but the writer has left too much to be read between the lines. Why all this weirdness instead of a straightforward tale? Under the department, The Rambler, is given a "conversational gem" supposed to have been overheard in the German quarter. The German student will appreciate the wit of the article.

"Holland on Skates" is a paper treated with enthusiasm in the *College Index*. The writer seems at home on the subject, and

imparts his appreciation of the sport to his readers. We quote the introduction:

What a change a foot of steel can produce! Place a Dutchman in a ball-room, put him on a horse, send him to the stage, or dress him in the "Queen's coat," and you will not alter the *man*. With all equipments he will not be a true dancer, horseman, actor or soldier. He remains a Dutchman—a dancing, riding or acting Dutchman. But give him a pair of skates, and he is no longer a mere Dutchman; he is a skater, as entirely a skater as ever a Spaniard was a dancer, an Englishman a rider, a Frenchman an actor, or a German a soldier. He becomes a "man-skate," *un homme patin* as the French would say.

Though "Kentucky Belle's Mission" is somewhat monotonous in style, it affords pleasant reading.

While we regret the lack of fiction in the February number of *William and Mary College Monthly*, the essays are neither dry nor heavy. "The Cynicism of Byron vs. Carlyle's Moroseness" presents two famous writers in a new relation. The essay is carefully planned, well balanced, and well expressed. "A Series of Letters from College Men" still maintain their lively interest and wit, and the average of college slang. This number portrays "The Grind" in a purposely exaggerated and ridiculous light.

Every week from the far West comes the *Occident* with its overflow of good stories and verse. "The Triple Cinch" is only one of many tales that are strikingly original and told with fluent words and charming ease. The author of "Christmas in Aroostook"—"so far up north that they eat only one meal a day by daylight, and so far down east that eastern standard time is half an hour too slow,"—does not exaggerate in his drawing of New England customs and weather, as he does in the locality of our "potato-county."

The *Wofford College Journal* contains a sketch signed "Mel," which is absolutely without merit. Even were the plot reasonable, the style would condemn it. The editorial department gives much good, practical advice.

The initial number of *The Norm* comes to us from the Presque Isle High School. In appearance and contents it is above the average High School paper. An engraving of Professor J. E. Roberts, a graduate of Bates, and a sketch of his work interests our college.

THE WEST WIND.

Soft as the flush of yon russet sky
Hovers the wind of the west;
Soft as the love of a mother's eye,
Tender and sweet as her lullaby
To the murmuring babe at her breast.

THE BATES STUDENT.

Slipping away from the shadow of dusk
 It cossets the kindling sea.
 The moon-boat rises to keep its tryst
 With the stars that sprinkle the greying mist;
 And the west wind sings to me.

Breathes to me sadly the last low prayer
 Of my true love far away.
 Scatters his kisses across my hair,
 Whispers a heart-ease for every care,
 Till I live in the love of yesterday.—*Ex.*

THE ROAD TO KETCHIN' COLD.
 Full er sport ez it can hold
 Is the road to Ketchin' Cold.
 You won't need ter ask the way,
 Take it on a thawin' day
 When yer find yerself aware
 Of a softer, balmier air
 Than it 'pears you can remember
 To hev breathed since last September
 Jest ez if the Weather-Clerk
 Clean up-sot his scheme er work,
 Cut out 'bout six weeks er so
 Sez, "Old Winter pack an' go.
 Got enough of this here snow
 Ice an' cold an' sleet an' blow."
 Hang yer great-coat in the hall,
 Say yer done with wraps and all,
 Tramp eround most anywhere
 And you'll find yer gettin' there.
 Lor', but you will find it fun
 Till, alas, ter-morrer's sun
 Finds yer jerney is complete,
 Then yer'd like to beat retreat.
 Ketchin' Cold road's worse than naught;
 At the end's the signboard, "Caught."—*Ex.*

I made a prayer to Saint Valentine
 On bended knees;
 I prayed that he would send to me
 From o'er the seas,
 Some lovely maid of the Orient,
 (For I'd read of the beauties of Kedar's tent.)
 So I prayed for a houri, an Eastern pearl,
 But he sent me instead—My Gibson Girl.—*Ex.*

Our Book-Shelf.

January and February in the book world are but dull months at best.

"Missent; the Story of a Letter," is the most recent of the "Pansy" books.

"To Have and To Hold," Mary Johnston's new book, is one of the three leading books of the past year—"Via Crucis" and "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim" being the other two. Miss Johnston fully deserves the high recognition which it has received.

Mark Twain's recent scathing denunciation of Christian Science was inspired largely by personal experience. Mr. Clemens' daughter, who died a few years ago, was an ardent "Scientist," and during her last illness she refused to employ a physician. Her father, who has never had the least sympathy with the faith, finally succeeded in bringing a doctor to her bedside, but it was too late. The girl's death may not have been attributable to this neglect, but Mr. Clemens so regards it, it is said. Underneath all that light and brilliant satire in the Christian Science article that brought smiles to the faces of so many readers, was the father's deep, unspeakable grief.—*Lewiston Journal*. We had hoped to review in this number the book "Christian Science," by W. A. Purrington of New York, but were unable to do so.

We expect to review in our next issue the Rev. F. W. Sandford's book, "Seven Years with God," in which he traces his work from its beginning up to the present time.

There are books to instruct; books to give pleasure; books which do both, and some which do neither. But to read such a book as Mary Johnston's "*To Have and To Hold*" is a rare treat. The "having" is brought about in such a strange way, and the holding in yet stranger ways. There is an added interest in the book for the reason that the story is to some extent founded upon fact.

The scene is laid in Jamestown, Virginia, and the time is that of the early settlements in 1621. We are introduced to our leading character, Captain Ralph Percy, as he sits upon his doorstep in the beautiful twilight of early evening, smoking his pipe. Captain Percy is a middle-aged bachelor with some good, common-sense ideas. He is not in the least poetic, but is, on the contrary, very plain and blunt in all his ways.

We have all read that old story of Sir Edwyn Sandy's ship-load of maidens sent from England to establish homes for the early Virginian settlers; when all the men for miles around flocked to Jamestown harbor decked in their Sunday best, and each one desiring, oh, so earnestly, that he might be "chosen." It was at the instigation of his friend Rolfe that our Percy was one of this great horde, and upon the bank of a little stream that he, our common-sensible old bachelor, met her who was to bring so much trouble and danger, yet, in the end, so much joy and happiness into his life.

With a genius that is rare does our author portray her characters,—the gentle purity of the Lady Jocelyn, or the Mistress Percy as we must call her; the evil malice, yet suave exterior of Lord Carnal; the rough but kindly Percy; the noble, traitorous Nantauquas,—all live and breathe while we read, as though they were living characters.

Another strong point of the author is her beautiful descriptive power.

When we are most eager to proceed with our story a chance description of the scenery causes us to forget our haste and stop to admire its loveliness.

The book rightly deserves the great success with which it is meeting, and we can but predict for it a brilliant future.

We have also this month the latest book from the pen of that master of story-tellers, H. Rider Haggard. This new work, *Swallow; A Tale of the Great Trek*,² does not in the least lessen the reputation already won by the author.

The book is a story of Boer life in Southern Africa. For a time we see as the Boers see, and feel as they feel. The English they hate, and look upon with contempt. "It is the Englishmen," says the good Vrouw Botmar, "who are always in a hurry, and that is one of the reasons why we Boers are so superior to them, and when we choose we can master them in everything, except shop-keeping, and especially in fighting." Poor, deceived Vrouw Botmar!

The story is about the youth Ralph Kenzie, "the English castaway," who had, when a small boy, been washed ashore from a shipwreck off the South African coast and rescued from death only by the prompt obedience to her dream by the child Suzanne Botmar, or "Swallow," as the native Kaffirs called her. The two grew up together as brother and sister, and in later years became man and wife.

From this point on follows a series of startling, thrilling adventures. It seems that the beautiful Swallow was loved, too, by an inhuman wretch, Swart Piet, who was determined that Suzanne should wed not Ralph Kenzie but himself. His purpose was defeated, but he declared that as a widow Suzanne should become his wife.

Time and again she is almost within the grasp of this brute. Once he even seizes and carries her away to his secret *krantz* among the mountains; but she is rescued each time in an almost incredible way through the wisdom and fidelity of the little witch-doctress, Sihamba, whose life Swallow had once saved from being taken by this same Black Piet.

For two years Suzanne lived among the dark people of the Umpondwana, over whom Sihamba ruled as chieftainess. Then, attacked by the Zulus at the instigation of Black Piet, the people were besieged, and many died from thirst. Release was promised on condition that Sihamba and the Swallow be surrendered to their deadly enemy, Piet. The cowardly natives agreed to the proposal, but the resourceful Sihamba showed once more her supernatural wisdom and disguised her beloved mistress as a native maiden. Swallow escaped, but the faithful Sihamba was killed by the enraged Piet. Piet, too, meets his death at the hands of Ralph, who hurls him from the lofty peak of the Umpondwana into the ravine far below.

Aside from being a story of thrilling adventure the book is valuable in giving to us an insight into the ways and customs of the Boer people,—a people with whom Rider Haggard has had such abundant opportunity to become acquainted.

¹To Have and To Hold, by Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston: \$1.50.

²Swallow; A Tale of the Great Trek, by H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Company, New York: \$1.50.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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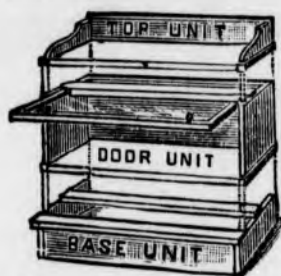
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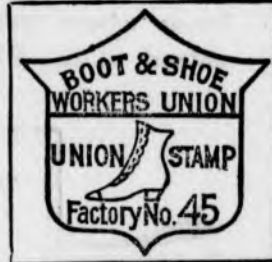


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